

# The English Seamans Resolution,

OR,

## The Loyall Subjects Undaunted Valour :

Plainly Demonstrating the Justness of his Cause,  
Incouraging his Friends, to Daunt his Foes :  
For King and Countrey, in the Seas he'l Perish,  
To tame the Rebels, and make *England* Flourish.

To the Tune of, I prethee Love turn to me. O R, When this Old Cap was New.



I Am an undaunted Seaman,  
and for King Charles I will fight.  
I'll venture my Life and my Fortune  
to defend my Countreys right :  
What Enemies ever oppose us  
my Valour with them I will try.  
And in the Dukes sight, I'me resolv'd to fight  
with a full resolution to Dye.

My tores lies on the Paine Ocean,  
and my Hammock supports my head,  
The Bottom shall be my portion  
wherein my Grave shall be made :  
Before the Butter-Box shall my Brother abuse,  
my Crimson Blood it shall flye,  
Then tack about Flét, let Trump and us méet,  
for I came to the Seas to Dye.

Now Jocky begins to be civil,  
and aloud for a King he doth cry :  
The Dutch are as false as the Devil,  
still working of Treachery :  
With the sound of our Drums, and smoak of our  
we mean for to darken the Skie, (Guns,  
For the Duke & his Flét, once more will you méet  
with a full resolution to Dye.

Slip not your Pecks out of your Collars,  
but come on with a chearful heart :  
We mean to have some of your Dollars  
before that our Fléts do part :  
Then drink up your Brandy-wine chéerely,  
to Trump and his Company,  
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**B** have General Monck will defeat you,  
and teach you good manners to know,  
You know that before he did beat you  
and made you to cringe full low:  
He'll make you all know to your sorrow,  
'twere better Peccavi to cry,  
Then for to stout out, the tother odd bout,  
and in the Seas perish and Dye.

Stout Smith that Noble Commander,  
of his Valour again you must taste:  
He'll shew you the English banner  
and send you away at a blast,  
As Opdam was served before you  
when into the Aire he did lie:  
Then you will repent, that e're you were bent  
upon the Main Ocean to Dye.

Brave Holmes and Mimms they have vowed,  
for Charles our King they will stand,  
The Rebels they shall be subdued  
and quell'd in the turn of a hand:  
For whil'st that our Ships can sail Boyes,  
we scorn a Ships length for to lie:  
Pay your money with speed, for that we do need,  
or else come to the Seas to Dye,

The Seas were never so graced,  
with so many brave Gallants before,  
Your Men of War shall be chased  
and beaten home to your own door:  
We'll block you up in your own Harbours,  
and your Cannon Bullets shall fire,  
For the Duke & his Fleet, once more will you meet  
with a full resolution to Dye.

What must we still wait on your leisure,  
or is not your Money yet Coy'd,  
We mean to have some of your treasure  
for no Children of us you shall find:  
We scorn for to wait on such Duppies,  
we have other Fish for to fry:  
Then hang up your States, your Masters & mates,  
that sent you to Seas for to Dye.

Then leave of your Jeering and Pocking,  
and Murmure at home and Repine,  
'Tis better then for to be Knocking  
upon the Salt Ocean Brine:  
Then cast up your Caps and be merry,  
brave English Boyes let them lye,  
And pray for King Charles and his Baby  
and let the Proud Hollanders Dye.

With Allowance.